Bugsy Malone "So You Wanna Be A Boxer"

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So you wanna be a boxer
In the golden ring
Can you punch like a south-bound freight train
Tell me just one thing

Can you move in a whirl like a humming bird's wing If you need to you weave
Can you fake, and deceive when you need to?

Well, you might as well quit If you haven't got it

So you wanna be a boxer Can you pass the test? I can tell you've got it in you I've trained the best

When you work and you sweat And you bet that you train to a buzz-saw Then you near lose your mind When you find that your boy has a glass jaw

So you might as well quit If you haven't got it.

Putting him in the ring, Joe Look at what you found We can use the fun, Joe Pushing him around

Well show him the ropes And destroy his hopes

Put him in the ring, Joe Give the guy a chance Let him feel the sting, Joe We can make him dance

We'll pulp him to bits Then he'll call it quits for sure, Joe So you wanna be a boxer Wanna be the champ There's a golden boy inside you Not a punched-out tramp

If you listen and you learn
There's an honour you can earn and defend here
When you do see the crown
You're a king not a clown
A contender

But you might as well quit If you haven't got it

Put him in the ring, Joe Something new to punch Let me have a swing, Joe Then we'll go to lunch

We'll make it quite swift Then he'll get the drift

Put him in the ring, Joe Chicken a la carte Let me have a wing, Joe Tearing him apart That chicken will crow

Let me have him Joe

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